



NEWS OF THE WEEK ILLUSTRATED.

POMONA.

From the ancient Apple Queen,
As once I was so and I now,
Forever more a huge monster,
Beset by the thimble and the bough.

Ah, where's the river's hidden gold?
And where the windy grave of Troy?
Yet come I as I came of old,
From out the heart of summer's joy.

—William Morris.

THE BOY BRAVES.

"Why," said Uncle Jack, chewing the last bit of his toothpick into a wad of fibrous, preparatory to shooting it into the fire.

This was always the signal to the boys that he was ready to begin to teach them the ways of the Indians. Uncle Jack was a grizzled veteran officer of the regular army, and had seen much hard fighting on the frontier.

"Why, yes," said he, "I do know something about what Indians are good for as fighters, and for downright human courage, without any of the sneaking, strike-you-in-the-back work in it, I think the Cheyennes stand ahead of them all."

"But what Cheyennes? Where did it happen?" clamored the boys, who knew well enough that there was some special instance back of the general statement of Cheyenne bravery.

"How did you little rascals know what I was thinking of?" he growled. "Well, in 1878 my command was stationed at the Wild Rose agency. Things had been moving smoothly for a long time, but the Indians were getting fat and easy on government rations, and that state of things couldn't last. Every where had a good breed leader and a pony or more. Even the boys—wiry, mousy little rascals—had their own guns and ponies, and the way they did run was a caution."

"There were two little chaps in particular who used to loaf around the post who had the most impudent black eyes and the most stoical faces when they thought you were watching them. They were handsome little rascals, if they were dirty and lazy, and often they used to run races across the parade ground to amuse the officers for a stake of army cartridges. They were the most fearless, nimble little monkeys."

"Half the time you couldn't tell which part was horse or which part was rider. The way they stuck to these little ponies on every position imaginable, now on this side and now on that! They were along the neck, under the belly, heads almost dragging the ground! They dropped their heads and picked them up again at a breakneck gallop. They fired their rifles with one hand until it made you think of Fourth of July in Bangor. They were some of Lone Wing's chiefs."

"I got to watching for the little imps to come and show off their tricks, and missed them when they didn't put in an appearance, for a fellow becomes so lonely out there that he hankers after any kind of face he's used to, even if it is a dirty red face."

"You know I haven't much use for a live Indian. Somehow, living out on the frontier, one picks up a prejudice against them. Many of the young Indians who hang about the agencies doing nothing become thieves and vagabonds, but I couldn't help admiring these two boys."

"They stood by one another like Damon and Pythias. One day some of the men coaxed one of them into the barracks and got him stupid drunk. That's an example of the way Indians are sometimes 'improved' at the agencies."

"Well, the other boy wouldn't budge an inch away until he took his comrade with him. He hung around him until after dark, and then managed to creep in while the men were at mess, and actually hugged the sleeping fellow, whistled up the ponies, loaded him on like a log of wood, strapped him on with a lariat and galloped off."

"They had the blood of the old Indians in them, and I do believe would have died for each other. I got to like them as much as I possibly could like an Indian, and they would be about as hard for me as to like a rattlesnake."

"Maybe you have heard that the government is not the best provider in the world, and the Indian department is a great deal more uncertain than the paymaster or commissary of the army. Well, one time the beef cattle were stampeded and run off by rascally Sioux, and the other rations were about a month behind time and things got to looking pretty blue over at the agency."

"We let them have all the army goods we could spare, and Agent Pierson sent his scouts here and there to pick up what beef they could lawfully, but before they could get a supply the rations began to grow lean."

"Some of the squaws and papooses that staggered over to the agency would hardly have made a shadow, and it is no wonder that petty depredations were committed."

"First the agent's poultry went. Then some one got into the storehouse and carried off a lot of eastern canned goods the agent had for his own table. He declared that he would make the guilty one smart if he found him. That night, to cup the darkness, a floor board was loosened from underneath and a piece of meat the cook had ready for breakfast was taken from the agent's kitchen."

"The guard saw the thieves and fired on them, and by the flash of his gun recognized them as Panther Tail and Four Tom, the two Indian boys. I forgot to tell you about their names. Panther Tail was the 'beten' or manitou name of the older boy, and the younger one was called Four Tom by the whites."

because in some boyish adventure he had lost the little toe from his right foot.

"When the guard came to make an examination there was the four-toed track of one of the barefooted thieves. Afterward we heard that the boy's mother was sick from fasting."

"The agent gave prompt orders to have the offenders brought in for punishment, but the Indian police came back with the word that they were not to be found in the tepee of Lone Wing. The whole village was muffled over not getting rations, and not only refused to give information, but threatened vengeance if the boys were arrested."

"It was time to show a bold front. There were enough hungry warriors waiting for rations to destroy us all if they should go on the warpath, and every one was armed."

"Agent Pierson saw trouble ahead. He mustered all the force of Indian police and scouts he had, and called for a detail of cavalry from the post. I was ordered to take my company, and the entire force, numbering 100, was put under my command subject to the agent's orders."

"When we rode into the village there was not a soul in sight. We made fire for Lone Wing's tepee. The old chief stalked to the entrance where the agent's messenger spoke to him. He said that his people were still friendly, but refused to tell where the boys were."

"Then we will search every tepee," said the agent.

"I saw from the chief's looks and the frowns on the glowering faces showing now in the doors of the adjacent tepees that there would be trouble if we tried to do that. Finally the chief said if we would give him an hour he would tell where the boys were. I advised the agent to accept this. They couldn't get away on their half-starved ponies in an hour," I said, so it was decided to wait."

"When we went back Lone Wing was ready to receive us."

"Where are the young thieves?" demanded the agent.

"The Great Father drives his children from their hunting grounds to starve them, and then calls them thieves for not being willing to die like rabbits. The young braves are not here. The white chiefs will find them in the hills waiting for them."

"They have left the reservation," exclaimed the agent, his blood hot. "Put spurs, captain, and overtake them! Better send some of the trailers ahead to find which way they have sneaked off."

"I had a pretty good idea where we would find the boys, and I said, 'I don't think trailers will be needed in this case. They are not far off.'"

"Why, said he, 'where do you think they have gone?'"

"I pointed toward the hills where two faint spurs showed, and handed him my glass. He looked, and put spurs to his horse."

"No need to hurry," I said; "they are not running away."

"And I was right. When we got near enough to make them out clearly, there stood the two little fellows in warpaint and feathers, their ponies by their sides and their rifles in their hands."

"What do the rascals mean?" said the agent.

"But I understood it well enough. Their Indian blood wouldn't let them suffer imprisonment or possibly a whipping, and rather than thus be degraded in their own eyes and those of the warriors of their tribe, they had resolved to court a warrior's death alone, outside the reservation, and thus shield the rest of the tribe from sharing in the punishment."

"When we were within 800 yards of them they mounted their ponies and brandished their rifles, and I could hear their shrill, boyish voices in defiant tones shouting the war whoop of their tribe. Before any of us could get our breath they leaped to their ponies' backs and charged down toward us at a furious gallop."

"I think it was a moment or two before any of us took in the audacity of the thing—two Indian boys charging right into the ranks of 100 armed whites—but when they got within rifle range they opened our eyes by lying flat on their ponies and shooting straight at us."

"Give the young imps a volley, captain," excitedly directed the agent.

"I wanted to do it, but then they came, riding as down and shouting like all possessed. 'Aim high, fire!' I commanded the men, for I couldn't bear to slaughter the brave little chiefs. On their role, unhurt of course, right into our teeth!"

"Open ranks!"

"They shot like wildfire through us and were out of reach before we could halt and reform."

"I supposed all we would have to do now would be to chase the little rascals back into the camp and deliver them as prisoners of war. But bless my stars if they didn't wheel as soon as they could, bringing their ponies to a dead stop, and with another whoop of defiance came charging back up the hill at us."

"It was the most desperate exhibition of courage I had ever witnessed in a human being, red or white—a cool and grim determination to keep up the fight until they died fighting."

"Pop! One of our horses was hit."

the agent. "No, drag their bodies back to the old wolf's den. I'll teach them a lesson!"

"Not by my command, Mr. Agent," I said. "I never faced any braver enemies. They shall be buried with the honors of war."

"Oh, I'm so glad you were in command, Uncle Jack," little Ted cried, his lips quivering with sympathy. "Where did you bury them then, Uncle Jack? Not where the wolves could?"

"Bless your life, youngster, I didn't bury them at all. The agent and his Indian police had gone back by the time the sergeant with his squad got the graves dug, and when they went to pick them up from beside their dead ponies I'll be court-martialed if they didn't find two of the most lively corpses that ever played possum. The men had fired low."

"Before long they disappeared from that agency. Their education had not been of the sort to make them peaceable and industrious. Very likely they have been fighting Uncle Sam since. But I couldn't hurt a hair of them."—J. F. Cowan in Youth's Companion.

Where They Grow.

A Boston girl who recently went to Bermuda had her sister take her Sunday school class.

"Where is our teacher?" asked one of the boys on the first Sunday.

"She is gone to Bermuda," was the reply.

"And where is that?" was the further question.

"Why, don't you know?" replied the sister. "It is where the onions come from."

"Whew, what a breath she will have!" retorted the young heathen.—New York Tribune.

Hard Luck.

When Ola was twelve years old he could kick a cap from a nail high above his head. Birgit was so fond of Ola that everything he did seemed admirable. Once she said a bad word and Ola was whipped for it.

So Ola was sent to the mountains; he roamed with his alpine horn over the wide mountain plains, ate berries, caught fish, set traps and was happy. He hardly thought once of the little girl down in the valley.

One day late in the summer she came up to the dairy with her mother. She was carried up on horseback in a basket. When she saw him she flung herself down upon the grass and screamed with delight.

But when her mother had reached the hut she ran up to him and hugged him. While the cattle were being milked he went to look after his things. She followed him, proud in the thought that he tolerated her.

"Look here," he cried, lifting up a brown hare, "isn't that a big fellow?"

"What is it?" she asked.

"It is a hare."

"No, it isn't a hare. A hare is white."

"It is brown in summer. It changes its skin."

"Has he two skins, one inside the other?"

Instead of answering he took his knife and cut the hare's skin.

"No," he said, "he hasn't got more'n one."

The time came when he had to go to the person to prepare for confirmation. It so happened that she went the same year.

But, though he had a coat now, it was a cast off of Jens Oestruo's, which was much too big for him. His boots, too, and his trousers had seen better days before they made his acquaintance.

He walked aside from the rest, his ears turned when any one looked at him. But if an one dared to mock him, he used a pair of fists which inspired respect.

He was a handsome enough lad and finely made, but his clothes and his frowzy hair made him look ugly. Heavy thoughts came to him, and a fierce, defiant spirit was kindled within him.

It was at such a time that Birgit sought him and spoke kindly to him.

"You mustn't mind the girls," she said; "they laugh at everything. They don't mean anything by it. It's just a way they have."

"Somebody will come to harm if you ever do it," he answered fiercely.

"That is foolish talk," she gently remonstrated. "I know you too well, Ola. You wouldn't harm me."

"Ah, you don't understand me," he said. "It is no use talking."

"Oh, yes, I do understand you, Ola," she replied, with a smile, "and I wish you would let me say one thing to you before I go."

"Say it."

"I wish—I wish," she stammered, while a quick blush sprang to her cheeks. "No, I think I won't say it after all," she finished, and turned to go.

"Yes, say it," he entreated, seizing her hand.

"Well, I—I wish you could do as the hare, change your skin."

"That is foolish talk," she said to be attentive to Birgit, and she thrashed him. All the following winter he kept watch of her from afar, and picked quarrels with everybody whom she seemed to favor.

"Change my skin," he pondered. "Change my skin, like the hare. Now, oh, how can I do it?"

This thought followed him day and night. One day, in the spring, an oak

MOONRISE.

I see a stretch of shining sky
Like some fair ocean sunset lit.
Peaceful and wide its space lies,
And purple shores encompass it.
A little slender silver boat
Upon its bosom is afloat.

This craft, unstaid by winds or tides,
Slips out across the twilight bar.
Through ripples, soft and gliding,
Led by a single pilot star:
With shadowy sails and fairy crew,
She drifts along the summer blue.

She's filled from stem to stern with flowers
And Love and Hope and Happiness.
Will aught of what she brings be ours?
Ah, aye! if we could only guess!
She rides elusive and remote,
This little slender silver boat.

—Francis Whipple in London Spectator.

JUST IN TIME.

She followed him all day long like a little dog. If he ran, she ran, fell and scrubbed her knees, cried and was lifted up again. Thus it went on from the week's beginning to its end.

He grew tired of her, and would have liked to run away from her. But he did not dare, for she was his master's daughter, and he was well, there was the rub—he did not know who he was.

He woke up one day and found himself born. The sky was above him, and there would have been earth beneath his feet, if he had not pointed them in the wrong direction. He was christened in a random way Ola, and was put on the parish, as they say.

Jens Oestruo took him as his share of the parish burdens. When he was six years old he could be made useful enough to earn his food and shelter. Jens Oestruo then wanted to send him away, but his little daughter Birgit was so fond of him that he decided to keep him.

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grat slip bound for America appeared at the mouth of the river.

Ola packed together his few traps and went up to Oestruo's to say goodby. He met Birgit in the birch grove behind the barn. It was the time when the buds were bursting and the swallows had just returned.

"Well, Ola, where are you going?" she asked, as she saw him coming with bundle and staff in hand.

"To America."

"America?" she cried. "America?"

The answer seemed to frighten her. She turned pale and caught hold of a birch tree for support. He watched her narrowly.

"What are you going to do in America, Ola?" she asked softly.

"Change my skin," he replied, with a vigor that startled her. "And if I come back within five years with a changed skin will you promise to wait for me?"

"I promise," she whispered, weeping quietly upon his shoulder.

Five years from that day a young man was seen hastening up the hillside to Oestruo. He had a big satchel on his head and he was well dressed.

His face was strong, square and determined, his eyes danced with joy, for in his pocket he had a royal marriage license, with which he meant to surprise somebody up at Oestruo's farm. It was five years to 'a' since he left her, and it was five years she had promised to wait for him.

For this hour he had toiled, saved and suffered for five long weary years. He had been a silver miner in Leadville when the place was yet new, and he had sold his claim for \$50,000.

As he was hurrying along, an old woman, who was sitting by the roadside, hailed him.

"Gentlefolks out walking today?" she said, holding out her hand for a penny.

"Gentlefolks?" he cried, with a happy laugh. "Why, Gurid, I am Ola, who used to herd cattle at Oestruo's dairy."

"You, Ola! who was on the parish? Then you must have changed your skin."

"That was what I went to America for," he answered, laughing.

The church lay half way up the hillside. There Ola sat down to rest, for he had walked far and was tired. Presently he heard music up under the ledge of the forest; there was one clarinet and several fiddles.

A bridal party! Yes, there was the bride, with a silver crown upon her head and shining brooches upon her bosom.

The procession came nearer. Now the master of the ceremonies opened the church doors wide and went to meet the bride and groom.

Ola sat still like a rock; but a strange numbness came over him. As the party drew near to the gate of the churchyard he arose and stood, tall and grave, in the middle of the road. Then came Birgit Oestruo and Thorger Sletten. She looked pale and sad, he defiant.

"You didn't expect me to your wedding, Birgit Oestruo?" he said, and stared hard at her. She gave a scream; the crown fell from her head; she rushed forward and flung her arms about his neck.

"Now come," he cried, "whoever dares, and I'll make a merry bride."

Jens Oestruo stepped forward and spoke. His voice shook with wrath and the veins ached upon his brow.

"Here I am," he said. "If you want the girl you shall fight for her."

"Not with you, old man," retorted Ola; "but with Thorger I'll fight. Let him come forward."

The bridal guests made a ring on the green and the bridegroom came slowly forward.

"Hard luck," he said, "to have to fight for your bride on your wedding day."

Fight! Birgit, who in her happiness had been blind and deaf, woke up with a start. She unbound her arms from Ola's neck and stepped up between the two men.

"Oh, do not fight, do not fight!" she entreated, holding out her hands first to one claimant and then to the other.

"You know father, for whom I have waited for five years. You know whom I have loved since I was a child. But you used force against me and threats. Now he has come back. I am no longer afraid of you."

"Whoever will be my wedding guest let him follow," shouted Ola, "for I have in my hand a royal license to be married to Birgit, Jens Oestruo's daughter."

"All that money can buy you shall have," he added. "I'll make a wedding feast of the fame of which shall be heard in seven parishes around."

He took the bride's arm and marched boldly into the church.

The wedding guests looked at Jens Oestruo, who was venting his wrath upon the groom.

"You coward!" he yelled, "you let the girl be snatched away before your very nose. I am glad enough to be rid of such a son-in-law. Come, folks; we'll have our wedding yet. A girl belongs to him who can catch her."

With a wrathful snort he stalked in through the open church door, and the wedding guests slowly followed.—Boston Globe.

True Courtesy.

"Didn't you drop something, sir?"

—John.

KING'S PRISONERS.

Love is his net bath taken up and bound up.
Weave thy sweet net outside our house of love.
Our master's meek of gold goes round and round as
Cunningly wrought, and fairly fine and thin,
To hold us in.

O Love Divine, O larger Love, come take us
Weave thy sweet net outside our house of love.
Prisoners of Love, O Love Divine, come make us
Caught in the snare and seeking not to rove
Outside thy Love.

—Katherine Tynan.

BY MY HEEL.

"Mr. Ransom, please tell us how it is that you are filling such a responsible position, and you not yet thirty years old?"

This question was asked by one of a crowd of four or five gentlemen seated in the handsome private office of Mr. Ransom, superintendent of transportation of the Chicago and Western railroad at Omaha, Neb.

"Well," replied the superintendent, a good looking young man of twenty-six or thereabouts, "if you will have the patience to listen I will narrate briefly how my heel caused my promotion and was the means of saving many lives."

"Five years ago I was station agent and operator at Hamlin on this road. The depot was the only building at Hamlin, consequently I had to do my own cooking and sleeping in the depot, getting my supplies from Randa, a place of about 500 inhabitants, eight miles up the railroad."

"It was about 10 o'clock on a hot, sultry night in August. There did not seem to be a breath of air stirring. The windows were up and the doors were thrown open so as to admit all the air possible. No. 32, the fast mail, had to be reported before I could get 'good night' from the dispatchers and retire."

"I had pulled off my shoes and had nothing on my feet but my stockings. As I was idly leaning back in my chair, my feet propped up on the instrument table and lazily drumming on the key with my heel, I heard a slight noise behind me. Before I could turn around to ascertain the cause a man's harsh voice rang out:

"Move an inch and you are a dead man, and at the same moment I felt the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed against my head."

"Put your hands behind your back and look straight before you," commanded the same voice sternly.

"I obeyed alacrity."

"My hands were seized roughly and bound securely to the back of the chair."

"Now, my beauty, I guess you won't do much more telegraphing tonight," and he broke out into a discordant laugh.

"He evidently thought it amusing. I didn't."

"Come on, boys," he yelled. "I've got this kid fast."

"After a moment three or four men, as well as I could judge with my back to the door, walked in."

"Ha! ha! cap'n, you've got him, have you?" and they all laughed roughly.

"Jim," said the man addressed as captain, "have you got the spike lifter?"

"You bet I have, from one of the men."

The captain then turned and addressed me.

"Young man, no harm is intended you if you keep perfectly quiet. Doubtless your curiosity is very much aroused as to our intentions. Well, it can do no harm to enlighten you, as the mischief will be done before you can give any alarm. We intend—and here the man's voice became absolutely fathomless—to take up two rails on that trestle out there. Let us see, the fast mail is due here at—"

"My God! man, I broke in with horror, 'surely you don't intend to wreck the fast mail! Think of the lives